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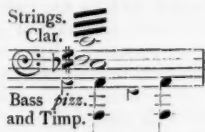
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## THE LEIT-MOTIVE, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By F. CORDER.

THE *Leit-motif*—a term for which we can find no English equivalent and therefore ought surely to adopt at least an English spelling, as in the heading—is an expression now so frequently heard, and so generally understood, that it would hardly seem to offer much subject for remark or discussion. There exists, however, much misapprehension and ignorance as to the manner in which this device has been employed, particularly by Richard Wagner, and what we may justly term its natural history has yet to be written. It is intended in the present article to consider as fully as is compatible with the limits of our space, the history, the dramatic value and the symphonic treatment of the *Leit-motive*, and though our field of criticism will be somewhat narrowed by the omission of contemporary English compositions from its scope—an omission regrettable but obviously necessary—we shall find plenty to say on our subject.

As regards the history of the *Leit-motive* certain critics are even yet not tired of repeating, when they wish to disparage Wagner, the stale old sneer that "After all he was not really the inventor of this device." Wagner assuredly never dreamed of making such a claim, for not only was the *Leit-motive*, like everything else in music, gradually developed in the course of many decades but several of Wagner's own contemporaries, notably Weber and Berlioz, used it before him in such a way as to elicit his warm written commendation. To any practical musician the origin of the *Leit-motive* is perfectly clear. It took its rise in the music with which it has been the custom for the last ninety years or thereabouts to heighten the intensity of the acted drama, spoken or otherwise. Such combinations of music and drama thus acquired the title of *melodramas*, the term being now applied to plays of the coarser emotional type without regard to their being musically embellished or not. The modern tendency has been to make such musical accompaniment of so little importance that its composition is often entrusted to musicians in the very lowest ranks of art, who either write it on certain grotesque fixed principles, or else vamp it up from that ingenious work "The Conductor's Vade Mecum." But one of the elementary principles of melodramatic music necessarily is, and always must have been, the allotting of a particular strain of music to a particular character or dramatic situation, and its repetition at any subsequent reappearance of the individual or allusion to the incident was a logical consequence. When opera began to change its character, and from being a mere vehicle for the display of the vocalist's art, became under Gluck and Mozart more of a play set to music, it gradually adopted all that was useful in melodrama, and the survival and development of the *Leit-motive* became inevitable. Even in Mozart such points as the use of the trombones whenever the Commendatore appears in *Don Giovanni*, and the noble chords on the same instruments for the priests of Isis in the *Zauberflöte*, strike one, but not till Weber do we get a systematic use of the old melodramatic device. The weird yet simple motive in *Der Freischütz* allotted to the demon Zamiel—



is familiar to everyone. Berlioz in turning the spoken dialogue of this opera into recitative introduced into the accompaniments one or two very artistic and appropriate reminiscences of themes. In *Euryanthe* we have a still more striking specimen of the *Leit-motive* in that shuddering tremolo

passage of violins which occurs first in the middle of the overture. The curtain originally rose for a brief space at this point, showing a tableau of the funeral vault with the corpse of Adolar's sister Emma from which the fatal ring is stolen, but this excellent dramatic idea is no longer regarded. From this time onward there have been few operatic composers who have not found occasion at some time to avail themselves—always very timidly—of this resource. They have, however, usually employed it only where a direct allusion to a previous incident is made in the libretto. Such is Gounod's method in *Faust*, and Verdi's in *Aida* and *Forza del Destino*, but fired by the example of Wagner, some modern writers have gone a step farther, and adopted the idea of modifying the *Leit-motive* in accordance with the altered circumstance of its reappearance. A notable instance of this is in *Carmen*, whose very striking motive



is made at one time to assume an impish, wicked air of coquetry, by diminution into semiquavers, while at another—in the last terrible scene—it assumes an awful and tragic intensity. Now this, we hold, is the true manner in which the *Leit-motive* should be used in lyric drama. To label each person or idea in an opera with a theme which is dragged in by the heels, unaltered, whenever he, she, or it appears or is alluded to, is a purely artificial process, and one which, if it go no farther than this, only betrays the composer's poverty of invention, degrading rather than elevating his music. In the simplest form of its employment it is a valuable resource to give interest to the subordinate parts of a large work, whether opera or oratorio, converting those portions which are unsuited to formal treatment from bald recitative (in other words, padding) into artistic music, provided only the composer be careful not to betray his art by over-display of it. Once create a suspicion in the mind of the hearer that a *Leit-motive* is dragged in as a stop-gap, and instead of being a feature of interest it becomes a source of disgust and weariness. Composers cannot too strongly bear this in mind; and we might point to many modern instances where incautious or inartistic use of the *Leit-motive* has grievously marred the work.

It is only natural that the idea of the Representative Theme being essentially dramatic, the *Leit-motive* is less likely to be misused in an opera than in a cantata or similar semi-dramatic work, and most likely to fail of its effect in non dramatic or abstract music, in which it is nevertheless frequently now introduced.

(To be continued.)

## THE KING OF BAVARIA'S CASTLE.

"He built his soul a lordly pleasure house."

(From the Special Correspondent of the "Daily News.")

(Continued from page 445.)

The next marvel and the greatest is the royal bedchamber, a lofty room of moderate dimensions, with three windows above and below, the upper being draped with crimson silk that throws a magic light upon the masses of gold distributed all over this regal apartment. It is divided into two parts by means of a golden balustrade, the back part being rounded. Here the King's bed stands on a raised dais, up to which lead five broad steps, covered with ruby velvet on which are embroidered large golden suns. The bed is of gilt bronze, a work of art as we meet it once in a lifetime. It is covered with a counterpane of gold cloth, embroidered in colours, the centre representing King Louis XIV. without his wig, a large emerald on his breast, a sapphire in his hair. The bed is surmounted by a canopy of gold with a high crown of gold in the centre and four enormous bunches of white plumes at the four corners; from the



canopy descend the curtains, to examine which a lover of art will devote several weeks. The outside is ruby velvet embroidered in gold, so that of the ground colour scarcely anything is seen; the inside is covered from top to bottom by pictures from the Bible, at first sight the produce of the miniature-painter's brush, but, on close inspection, the triumph of the needlewoman's skill. Where could the hands be found that in the short space of a few years could cover twenty square yards with such marvellous work? The centre of the background is occupied by a sun embroidered in diamonds and pearls; and when I heard that the King never once used this bedroom, I was led to believe that he expected a visit from the Roi Soleil himself, and hoped to astonish even his magnificent majesty. The walls of this room are entirely hung with red velvet embroidered in gold, the children holding garlands of flowers being so solid that a real baby held to the wall cannot stand out from it more boldly than do these works of the needle. On one side of the bed, within the space confined by the golden balustrade, is the washing-stand, a tall mirror in gold arabesques, the table of marble supported by gilt bronze figures—the basin, ewer, and ten vases in gilt bronze of a size that would astonish even a giant, and of a beauty that it is impossible to describe. The other side of the bed is taken up by a prayer stool in ruby gold-embroidered velvet, the background filled by a St. Michael in colours, of such splendid workmanship that the original by the miniature painter, upon which the stitches were worked, must be less beautiful. Above the prayer stool there is a tiny altar with a copy of Raffaello's *Annunziata*, which, with the prayer-book it adorned, was sold by the Perugian family that had owned it since Raphael's time to the Empress of Russia, who in her turn lent it to King Louis, one of her great favourites in the years that preceded her illness. On the right and on the left side there are armchairs of gilt carved wood, the arms supported by erect children, seat and back covered with gold-cloth, on which a frame of gold embroidery surrounds a group of children embroidered in colours, works of art that should be kept in a museum. The room contains besides six stools of similar workmanship, two white marble chimneys, with Sèvres vases of red porcelain, and quaint old clocks, two mirrors filling the space between the three windows, where tables of dark red marble support Sèvres candlesticks formed of a hundred flowers and fruits, placed at either side of alabaster groups of graceful girls. The velvet hangings on the walls are parted in several places to admit paintings framed by rich arabesques, which form a frieze surrounding the painting on the ceiling, a splendid mass of beautiful forms and beautiful colours. Helios driving the sun, and the hours dancing round him. The king's attendant told me that Helios some time ago was a splendid likeness of the young king himself, but that one day he gave orders to have his features erased, and now Helios is none else than the perpetual Louis XIV. himself.

Next comes the Council Room with a large table in the centre and a truly royal chair of blue velvet embroidered in golden stars. Rich chimneys, splendid clocks, some of them eight feet high, velvet draperies, marble busts, pictures, and tapestries everywhere, but no mirrors. Somewhere in this neighbourhood is the king's own bedchamber, which he has used during the three visits to Herrenchiemsee. It is very much like the Sun king's rooms, only more habitable. Instead of three it has two windows—the ruby velvet is replaced by deep blue, the steps on the dais on which the bed stands are three instead of five, the suns of gold on it are half the size. No plumes surmount the canopy, but the embroidery in colours is even handsomer. A life-size picture of the Crucifixion takes up the background, the curtains are worked in pictures from the New Testament, the Prie-dieu is exactly like the one in the other room—of course nothing more suitable could be found than Raphael's *Annunziata*. The washing-stand is quite as splendid; but it is just possible to use the vases of blue Sèvres and gilt bronze; a Brussels veil half conceals the mirror, folds of Brussels lace fell from the toilette table to the ground; the walls in blue velvet-gold embroidered, the gold ornaments, the chimney-pieces—everything is quite as beautiful, but more human. Near the Prie-dieu a small door opens to a winding staircase, which descends to the dressing-room and bath below. The table between the two windows is one enormous piece of lapis lazuli, the candlesticks blue china, with an Ariadne between them. On the chimneys vases of English ware stand on either side of a quaint clock. That to the right represents a bronze statuette of the king, who is out-

stretching a delicate hand to stop Time, represented by a globe encircled by the dial, which moves round. But the hour, a graceful female figure, stops the king's hand, and seems to show that even kings like Louis have no command over Time. This clock, in the King's own bedchamber, is certainly a new clue to his character. On an easel near one of the fire-places there is a picture of young Louis Quinze in regal robes, handsome and arrogant to a degree. Another clue to the King's character. In a writing room close by there are busts of Louis Quinze's four mistresses, and on an easel a picture of Maria Lexinska. In the panels of the walls there are pictures of Versailles, with the Court and the King, generally the centre of gaieties such as poor Bavarian Louis never dreamed of for his solitary self. The dining room is the best proof of his love of solitude. In the centre of the room a high armchair stands at a round table, which upon the least sign from the King descends to the ground floor of the castle, and reappears with the next course, enabling the King to dine without having seen a human form or having heard a mortal voice. Before concluding, I must mention two small rooms, the jewels of the whole place, one being the ladies' boudoir, the other a smoking room for the King. The former is a small apartment with two windows, the walls covered entirely with mirrors, separated from each other and from the ceiling by a hundred thousand roses of gilt china, which hang in garlands from the ceiling, fill all the corners, from the chimney piece, and frame a niche containing the only seat in the room, a sofa of pale blue satin with soft cushions, but no back. The candelabra are of roses; the ceiling of white china has exquisite miniature paintings from which men are excluded. There is Atalanta without Meleager, Dian without Apollo. To imagine anything more exquisite than this room is simply impossible.

The smoking-room has one window only, the embrasure filled by a sofa of white satin, upon which are worked sylvan scenes of exquisite beauty, the woods beloved by the king, the lake which had such fatal attraction for him. The writing-table is pale blue velvet in the middle and porcelain painting on either side. Two Sèvres candlesticks and several small porcelain groups of priceless value give it an air as if it had been used but yesterday. In this room the tables, the chimney-pieces, the frames of mirrors and tapestries are all of painted and sculptured china; the folding-doors have four china panels, each framed by blue china, surrounded by golden arabesques. Into each panel is painted a delicate figure representing one of the seasons on one door, one of the elements on the other. I firmly believe such doors have never opened upon such a room before. The floor is of *bois de violettes* and gives a delicate perfume to this and the adjacent room. Another long gallery completes the suite of nineteen rooms.

My description is so very imperfect that I must add some remarks for the use of those who, like myself, have seen the Château de Versailles, the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, Peterhof, and Zarskoje Selo—and who will attempt to compare these with Herrenchiemsee? It should be remembered that in all these palaces the mirrors, the gildings, the hangings, and the pictures are old; that in Herrenchiemsee all has been completed but yesterday, so that the bright splendour is quite incomparable. In many instances the intentions of Louis XIV. were incompletely carried out or left out altogether, because the cost was too high and the means of transport were imperfect. Bavarian Louis has studied all the plans, has read all the available literature on the subject, has travelled to Versailles and back a hundred times, and has carried out the magnificent king's very dreams of splendour. Thus the fountains in front of the castle do not exist at Versailles, because, having been made of plaster, a storm destroyed them soon after their completion, and they were never restored according to the old designs. When the king viewed what his mind had created, and his eyes glanced over the hundred rooms that exist merely in brick and mortar across the empty space where the second wing was to stand, what wonder if his mind went astray as he perceived the total impossibility of ever completing what would in history have given him a place with the most magnificent princes of times of old. His valet told me that he paced the mirrored hall and all the other apartments in the light of six thousand candles, his steps resounding in the solitude, his ever-silent lips for once apostrophizing the images of the dead around him until night changed to morning. Then he would step out upon the balcony, and, while the sun rose over the hills, by one slight movement of his hand set the waters working in the fantastical forms his mind had



created for them; and in the glow of early morning, amid the rushing waters, with beauty around, his eyes would be raised heavenward and he perhaps deemed himself one of the gods.

[CONCLUSION.]

## Reviews.

### AMERICAN YEAR-BOOKS OF MUSIC.\*

Lists of past musical performances, unless they are so old as to be interesting from an historical point of view, are as a rule about as little calculated to make the reader's mouth water as the *menus* of bygone dinners. But it is certain that neither of the year-books that have just reached us from America can be read by the unprejudiced Englishman without a feeling of envy. The record of music in Boston is nothing but a record; criticism is altogether absent, and important events are placed in curious juxtaposition with performances of purely local interest. Putting these last entirely out of the question, the fact remains that Boston enjoys musical privileges of a very high order indeed, as befits "the hub of the universe." No doubt the great strides made in musical progress are due to the influence of the Symphony Concerts, and to the personal energies of Mr. Henschel during his residence in Boston; but, however that may be, we must own that the inhabitants have been very highly favoured, and enabled to form as good an opinion upon the state of music as if they lived in many a European town where music is a chief attraction. The actual aggregate of important works performed in one year would not perhaps come up to the corresponding number given in London, but if we take into consideration the comparative sizes of the two cities, the musical advantages of Boston must be held to be superior, or at least equal, to our own. The great works produced at last year's Birmingham festival have nearly all been brought to a hearing, though it is true that the compositions of living English musicians have scarcely received their due; the only recent English work of importance mentioned, being Mr. Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*. The list seems to have been compiled with great care and accuracy, and the hopes expressed in its preface for an enlargement of its scope in future deserve to be fulfilled. From some of the specimen programmes, it would appear that in a few respects the centre of American culture is not so far advanced as it seems from the register of works performed. The programmes are constructed as a rule in somewhat provincial fashion; that is to say, the line of demarcation which is with us so strictly preserved between orchestral and chamber concerts is there almost ignored, just as it was in London sixty or seventy years ago. In fact, the specimen programmes remind one more of the entries in "The Harmonicon," than of modern London programmes. Choral works accompanied, at public concerts, on the pianoforte alone, are of quite common occurrence. The most curious entry in the book is the statement that at a concert given by Mr. Fenollosa, Brahms's Violin Sonata, Op. 78, was played twice over! It can hardly have been a specially malignant attack of the encore nuisance, or it would not have been entered as two distinct performances; it must rather have had its origin in the scheme of Von Bülow, under whose direction Beethoven's Choral Symphony has, on more than one occasion, been given twice in succession at the same concert. Among the notices of oratorios, the only remarkable thing is that the *Elijah* is carefully noted as being in the key of D, we suppose in case of mistakes, and that the pedantic orthography "Haendel" has uniformly been adhered to. That this peculiarity is confined to the select society of Boston is certain, from the second of the books under review, where we are happy to see the ordinary English name of the composer given as we know it.

Mr. Krehbiel is a musical critic of very high rank, not only among American writers on music, but as compared with critics of European celebrity. The work just published is not merely a register of musical events, but contains, in addition to an exhaustive list of concerts

given in New York between August 1885 and April 1886, a series of criticisms on all the important performances of the season, collected from the author's contributions to *The Tribune*. The introduction prepares us for a pleasure of no ordinary kind; it is written not in American, but in English of almost unimpeachable purity,—"labor" and "color," with their cognate forms, are the only important deviations from our own language—and with a degree of literary style for which we were scarcely prepared. If all English musical critics would get this book, and attempt to imitate the writer's fearless honesty, impartiality, and more than all, his power of forming an opinion, English musical criticism would be a very different thing from what it is at present. In his first article, a review of "The Mikado," we may not agree with his strictures upon a work which has given harmless pleasure to so many people, but we must confess that an opinion so forcibly and temperately expressed has at least the right to be considered. He says, comparing the composer's work with that of the librettist, for which he has an unlimited admiration, "He is, in this score, vivacious and refreshing, but there are climaxes in the play in which his muse moves with leaden feet. His most apparent failures, as in the case of 'Princess Ida,' are the scenes with action. In these he flounders and labors in a manner which is almost painful compared with his gracefulness, ease and crispness in the lyrics. He has been all but indifferent to the device of infusing his music with local colour, which has always been sought after by operatic composers when setting national subjects. . . . A single march melody of Japanese origin is his entire tribute to the natural desire for local colour, and this march is treated in a manner that would amaze a Japanese musician." The anecdotes with which Mr. Krehbiel has plentifully garnished his pages will add much to the general interest and acceptance of the book, though many English readers will be apt to think they are scarcely in their right place in musical critiques. In one case he tells of a slight alteration in arrangement, which must be regarded as a legitimate improvement upon the composer's intention. It is in recording the performance of *Die Walküre* by the German company in New York, and his remarks explain the reasons of its introduction. "The substitution of draperies for a wooden door in Hunding's hut enables the stage machinist to provide a reason for the sudden entrance of moonlight, which is the inspiration for the impassioned love scene which follows. Wagner's design was that the door should seem to open of itself, disclosing a patch of landscape without bathed in moonlight, and that the moon's rays, falling through the open door, should reveal the features of Siegmund and Sieglinde to each other. In spite of its tender beauty I do not see how this conceit escapes the condemnation which Wagner pronounced on the sunrise scene in Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*. It is without motive unless this be found in the excellent use made of it afterwards. Why should a door that remained shut through a severe storm open of its own accord afterwards? Herr Hock, who put the drama on the stage, tried to make the occurrence seem natural. The draperies are rudely shaken by the wind for some time before the musical climax is reached; finally they are torn from their fastenings and, falling, admit the flood of moonlight which changes the tone of the picture completely and invests it with a new charm. The fact that the draperies are not torn down by the storm with which the drama opens need not disturb us; we are not obliged to imagine wind an accompanying element in the thunderstorm which Wagner's instrumental introduction delineates so graphically." The whole history of the rise of the company by which this drama was given is extremely valuable, and instructive to those who still believe that German opera is defunct, and that there is the germ of life in the Italian scheme. Taking into consideration the author's evident appreciation of modern music, it is not a little surprising to find him falling foul of Berlioz's *Sinfonie Fantastique*, or rather of many elements in that work which displease him. All that he says on the subject is superlatively interesting; but the verdict of all classes of the musical world has already been pronounced on this symphony, and it is scarcely possible to get it reversed. The introduction to the criticism of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* is very amusing, and the criticism itself is admirably just. The account of the performance of Gluck's *Orpheus* is one of the things that, as we said above, make one's mouth water, and the author's side-lights of information on the subject of *Die Meistersinger* are quite delightful. Perhaps the most masterly article in the collection is that on Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, which, as we

\* The Boston Musical Year-book, and Musical Year of the United States. By G. H. Wilson. Vol. III., season of 1885—6.

\* Review of the New York Musical Season, 1885—6. By H. E. Krehbiel. (Novello & Co.)

might expect, meets with scanty favour, the author's opinion being delivered with a boldness that might well serve as an example to many a critic on this side of the Atlantic. Almost the first sentence runs as follows:—"If the *Redemption* justly fell under condemnation because of its want of the elements and qualities which we are justified in expecting to find in an oratorio of large dimensions and lofty subject, because of its commonplaces, the triviality of many of its ideas, and the feebleness of its imitation of great models, there is no hope of critical salvation for *Mors et Vita*, which has less of freshness, less of melodic invention, and less of variety than its companion-piece . . . and no greater dignity of form or depth of learning." He defends this adverse opinion at some length and with very great power and conviction. The account of the sketches for the Ninth Symphony, which have never before been made accessible to the ordinary student of Beethoven, is intensely interesting and of great value. Beside the articles we have mentioned in detail, will be found contributions of no less merit on all the leading musical novelties. *Parsifal*, *The Spectre's Bride*, Massenet's *Manon* and *Mary Magdalene*, Bruckner's D minor Symphony, the work promised for performance at a recent Richter concert but not given; and all manner of less important novelties are discussed with extraordinary acumen, and in a style that cannot fail to please. We cannot help expressing our opinion that a similar undertaking, treating of the year's music in England, or even in London alone, might have a very fair chance of success. Of course it is not every critic's remarks that are worth keeping for months and serving up again in a new dress, but it would not be difficult for an enterprising publisher to fix upon an authority of sufficient eminence for the task. *Dramatic Notes* has been fairly prosperous, and is of very great use as a book of reference in matters theatrical; and surely the demand for such a book as "The Year-book of Music in London" would be very considerable.

#### CHURCH MUSIC.

A small collection of responses to the commandments, hymn-tunes and chants, by Frank Frewer, is sent by Salter & Co. In the present state of Church music, while the dreadful institution popularly called a "Kyrie" is persistently sung, in spite of the absence of any rubrical direction that the responses to the commandments are to be musically treated at all, a new setting of these responses is to be welcomed, as bringing a respite from the existing settings, with the worst of all at their head, in the shape of an extract from *Elijah*. The objection to that particular "Kyrie" is not merely that it is unfit for the place, but that its constant use in church diminishes, if it does not annihilate, its effect in the place where Mendelssohn put it. Let us not be understood to assail Mr. Frewer's compositions in particular; they are as good as any that have been lately published, and one merit which is common to all the four settings is that the words are not repeated, but sung as they stand. When we remember the "vain repetitions" that occur in some versions, as of the words "have mercy" and "beseech," this is no slight merit. All are correctly written, and the third is certainly interesting enough to bear the nine-fold recurrence which is an inevitable element in this form of liturgical music. The second of the four hymn-tunes, a short-metre tune in the minor, is the best; but its use cannot be a very wide one, since it is in the same form as one of the most beautiful of English tunes, viz., "St. Bride." The third of the single chants, in E minor, is extremely good.

No more excellent piece of harmonizing applied to ancient music has been done of late years than Mr. Alan Gray's "Nicene Creed, set to music founded on Parisian tones." (London: Music Publishing Co.) Small as is its extent, and simple as its construction is obliged to be, this setting of the creed is one of the most successful attempts to arrange the ancient tones to suit modern purposes. While the strict rules by which the harmonic treatment of the Gregorian tones is fixed are not adhered to with a servility that would only satisfy the purist, there is no passage in which modern chromatic treatment prevails to any extent that can be called objectionable, even by those who are most strict on the subject. The skill with which the various accompaniments have been arranged is very great, and the perfect success of the result undeniable. The setting of the Nicene Creed should obtain a wide popularity with those who care about the purity of church music, but it is quite attractive enough to please a larger circle.

### Poetry.

#### THE MAIDEN'S YEAR.

LITTLE maiden full of glee,  
Sporting by the changing sea,  
Laughing with the laughing spring,  
Singing with the birds that sing:  
Passionless and pure thou art,  
As the spring tide's opening heart,  
Yet, oh little maiden, say,  
Dost not dream of summer's day?

Maiden rich in woman's ways,  
Ripening with the ripening days,  
Learning from the pleasant June  
Tender secrets 'neath the moon:  
Thou hast heard the glorious voice,  
That with love makes earth rejoice,  
Yet, sweet maid, dost never fear  
Autumn days be chill and drear?

Maiden of the wistful eyes,  
Wand'ring when the summer dies,  
Wand'ring o'er the mellow land  
Sweet with fruits from autumn's hand:  
What hath autumn left for thee,  
From the spent year's memory?  
Maiden, whispers not the wave,  
Winter's night is summer's grave?

ALICE COMYNS CARR.

### Occasional Notes.

One merit must by all be granted to Miss Walter's *Florian*, it has brought the claims of lady-composers prominently before the public, and has dispelled an erroneous impression very generally entertained—the impression, we mean, that no Englishwoman had previously written an English opera. A surmise to that effect appears, as will be seen in the article from *The Times*, which we print elsewhere, and in answer to it Mr. Arthur à Becket has written to say that his mother, Mrs. Gilbert Abbot à Becket was the composer of two operas (produced some forty years ago at the St. James's Theatre and the Surrey Theatre), called respectively *Agnes Sorel* and *Little Red Riding Hood*. The first, in which Braham appeared, failed to please, but the second was a great success. What has become of the MSS. of these operas, or where copies may be had in case they were printed, Mr. à Becket unfortunately does not say.

Decorations for singers and players and musical critics are in the ascendant just now. The Spanish musical historian, Señor Antonio Peña y Goñi, has received as a reward for his work upon the Spanish opera and the musical drama in the 19th century, a certificate and a gold medal. Herr Angelo Neuman has been awarded by the Duke of Coburg-Gotha the Knight's Cross of the First Class. Herr Richard Strauss, late of Meiningen, has received the Cross of Merit for Art and Science. The Queen of Spain has conferred the title of Excellency upon Sarasate. She has sent to Christine Nilsson the Grand Cross of the First Class of the Spanish Order of



Benevolence. M. Joseph Faure is made Knight of the Order François Joseph of Austria. If this goes on, there will soon be no "star" without a star.

In a general way they are supposed to do things better in Paris than at home, but here is an instance of official stupidity which would do credit to the benighted Mayor of Liverpool, who stopped Mr. Cowen in the middle of his Exhibition Overture. M. Saint-Saëns, it appears, had been commissioned to write a chorus for the inauguration of the statue of Lamartine, and set to work with the energy peculiar to himself. When the piece was finished, it was found that there were no singers to perform it. The ordinary choral societies, consisting mostly of professional men and artisans, had no free afternoon of the week, and the committee had forgotten to provide professional choristers, assuming, apparently, that a piece of music, if put to the stretch, could perform itself, or else that Providence would take care of ways and means. Providence having failed to do so, the ceremony passed off without music, and M. Saint-Saëns's chorus remains in the portfolio of that prolific author.

It is announced that at the annual final meeting of the *Institut*, on the 25th of October next, Gounod will read a paper on "La Nature et l'Art." He has just put the finishing touches to the manuscript, which no doubt will be listened to with interest. Most Frenchmen, in verse and prose, are great on "La Nature," and Gounod, if he would only speak out, should have a good deal to say on Art, in more senses of the word than one.

M. J. B. Weckerlin, the well-known French composer and antiquary, announces an interesting treasure-trove which he has just acquired for the library of the Conservatoire. This is the account which he gives of the discovery in *Le Ménestrel*: "The opera *Les Bardes*, by Lesueur, had a brilliant success when represented in 1804, and until now has remained the brightest flower in the artistic crown of the composer. Some months after the production of this opera, the emperor, leaving the chapel, where he had just heard a new Mass by the master, noticed him, and said, 'Well, illustrious bard, you are resting on your laurels? That is stopping short in a fine career.' 'Sire, I have no poet.' 'You will easily find one; M. Baour-Lormian, for example.' It was this author who wrote the poem of *Alexandre à Babylone* the last of Lesueur's operas. It was accepted at the Opéra, but owing to the complications which arose at the end of Napoleon's reign the work could not be put in rehearsal. Under the Restoration, M. Lesueur's friends applied in vain to the Marquis de Lauriston, M. de la Rochefoucauld, and at last to the Duc de Doudeauville, for the reproduction of *Alexandre à Babylone*. Poor Lesueur died in 1837 without having seen his opera on the stage.

"After the illustrious composer's death, Madame Lesueur had excerpts from the opera performed at a concert given at the Conservatoire. It is known what trouble this devoted woman took to have her husband's sacred works executed in the cathedrals of France; she likewise made incessant endeavours for the representation of *Alexandre à Babylone*. The noble woman died worn out in 1861. She had sacrificed her last penny in getting the orchestral score of this opera engraved—which is a fact generally ignored, for the very good reason that no one has ever seen this engraved opera, and that there was every likelihood of its having been lost or destroyed, which comes to the same thing.

"I had therefore a delightful surprise, on lately finding the complete copy of this work in perfect condition, which I have purchased for the Conservatoire, believing it to be the only existing specimen. After making enquiries of M. Boisselot, the author of "*Ne touchez pas à la Reine*," and the son-in-law of Lesueur, I was confirmed in my supposition that Madame Lesueur had caused *Alexandre à Babylone* to be engraved at her own expense, and that after her death the 841 plates, of which the score consisted, were sold and melted. I can easily believe that our copy is unique, because M. Boisselot did not know of its existence, and had only seen the proofs at his mother-in-law's. This work, which contains some very beautiful passages, might have fallen into the hands of a paper merchant and have been irrevocably lost; so that I cannot do otherwise than rejoice over the happy discovery of what Berlioz has called a masterpiece."

It is only within the last few years that occasional performances of works by Tchaikowski, and more latterly one of Rubinstein's recitals, have brought home to us the existence of a national Russian School of Music and the necessity of familiarizing our ears to some extent with such unmanageable names as Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgorsky, by the side of which the earlier Glinka seems child's play indeed. To those who wish to know a little more of the aims and tendencies of this new and rising school, a little work, "*La Musique en Russie*," by M. César Cui, one of its founders and most distinguished members, may be commended.

From the principles there laid down, it would easily appear whence the young Russians derive their mental pabulum, even if their works did not prove them to be Wagnerites to the backbone. The first article of their creed is to this effect: "*La nouvelle école marche tranquille et fière vers l'idéal qui l'appelle—cette source vive d'intelligence, d'honnêteté et d'éternelle poésie—sans se préoccuper de la réussite ou de l'insuccès.*"

With regard to dramatic music more especially, it is insisted upon that it should possess intrinsic value, even apart from the text; that it should not, in fact, essentially differ from symphonic music, in the sense at least that its motives should be derived from a germ, and in accordance with the varieties and the developments of the dramatic situation. To that dramatic situation, or, in other words, the libretto, is in consequence assigned the supreme importance which is vouchsafed to that *fons et origo* in every country, with the exception, perhaps, of England. Its literary merit is made a first condition, and it is further stated that: "*Pour la musique, comme pour le livret, la structure des scènes composant un opéra doit dépendre entièrement de la situation réciproque des personnages, ainsi que du mouvement général de la pièce.*" The forms of so-called absolute music—that is, duos, trios, finales, and other set pieces—are admitted only on condition of their being sufficiently accounted for by the situation. Nothing could be better in theory than all this. That theory and practice are different things in Russia and elsewhere, it is needless to point out; to judge of the degree of that difference in this particular case, the facts at hand are not as yet sufficiently plentiful. We may add, however, that M. Cui's own operas, *William Radcliff*, *Angelo*, and others are highly spoken of by competent judges. M. Cui seems, indeed, a kind of universal genius, for besides being a musician and a musical critic, he is also a General of Engineers and a Professor of Fortification at the leading military schools of St. Petersburg.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.

### A MELANCHOLY RETROSPECT.

THE old-fashioned proverb that "it is a long lane that has no turning," when applied to musical matters might be rendered, "the most tedious season must come to an end." In London, as everyone knows, the season continues later than in any other city in the world, and during that season we certainly have more music than any other nation could digest within the same time, but the moment comes at last when even our public grows tired of the eternal fiddling, and singing, and pianoforte playing, and longs for the music of waves dashing on the sands, or of winds whistling amongst the tall trees of the forest. Looking back upon the last three or four months one cannot refrain from the melancholy reflection, how very little of what has passed in their course is likely to become historical. It is true, that all things considered, the artistic result was better than might have been expected. The fashionable season was inaugurated by a socialist riot in the streets of London, and it was brought to a premature close by the dissolution of Parliament, but neither political excitement nor the depression of trade, which has become a chronic evil amongst us, was able to damp the enterprise of artists and *impresari*, or, as far as one could judge by the numerous audiences, the ardour of amateurs. Neither in the quantity, nor as a whole in the quality of the music produced, was there any perceptible falling off as compared with former years. This is partly accounted for by the presence amongst us of two of the most famous composers and pianists of the age, Liszt and Rubinstein, both of whom roused the enthusiasm of their admirers (and who could help admiring them?) to an almost unprecedented pitch. Liszt did not play in public, and perhaps it would have been better if he had not played in private, for ungracious though it may appear, those who had heard the great master at his best, or even as lately as two years

ago, had to admit that even his genius at last began to show the signs of declining age. Fortunately, English amateurs in general had no such standard of comparison, and therefore accepted with unbounded delight the *beaux restes* of a beauty once beyond compare. The performance, moreover, of *St. Elizabeth* in the presence of the composer was one of the few events likely to be remembered; and the same may, no doubt, be said of the astounding feats of memory, technical skill, and supreme intelligence shown by Rubinstein in his historic recital;—historic also in the sense that they will live in the records of music. Unfortunately, the work of a pianist, like that of a singer or an actor, dies with him, leaving only a faint memory behind it. It is only creative genius which engraves its deeds on tablets more durable than brass—*ere perennius*. Of that genius it must be owned the signs seem to become rarer and rarer, in the same measure as general musical culture is spread over a wider area by conservatories and academies and royal colleges. Of important additions to the treasury of English music which the past season has brought us, only one, *The Troubadour*, can be mentioned, the composer of which, Mr. Mackenzie, displays, if not exactly genius in the proper sense of the word, at least decided gift and musical accomplishment. Whether his work will resist the influence of time and the changes of taste which time brings with it, it is of course impossible to say.

The Italian Opera campaign, of which at one time great things were expected, has ended in disappointment. We have heard some excellent singers amongst whom Madame Albani, M. Gayarré, and M. Maurel were prominent; but the system which for so many years has proved disastrous has not in any material sense been changed. The *répertoire* consisted, with few exceptions, of well-worn operas, tolerable to modern audiences only by the presence of "stars"; and the new works promised by Signor Lago at the beginning of the season remained unperformed at its end. Even *Zampa*, which continued to be announced up to within two nights of the close, was finally abandoned. The general *ensemble* also, although a little better than we have been accustomed to of late years, was not always equal to even moderate demands. That Italian Opera cannot be made to succeed on these terms experience has amply proved; whether it can on any other is one of the riddles of the Sphinx which we will not attempt to solve.

Whatever the permanent results of the season of 1886 may be, the fact remains that with all its worries and fatigues it is over. For three months to come the centre of such musical activity as there may be will be transferred from London to the Provinces. Wolverhampton will this year open the series of provincial festivals in August. Gloucester will follow suit in September; and last and most important, Leeds will bring up the rear with a whole batch of new oratorios and cantatas, both English and foreign. The Metropolis in the meantime will remain mute and inglorious, at least as far as high-class orchestral concerts are concerned—a fact which however disgraceful it may be to the largest, and not the least musical city in the world, is not without its comfort to the wearied critical mind.



## Correspondence.

## THUMB 7. FINGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—May an earnest amateur pianist protest against any new-fangled notions about fingering, such as are suggested in the article in the last *Musical World*. It is all very well for the enterprising Teuton to invade our strongholds in every department of science, art and commerce, but we might at least be spared his disturbing presence in small details which are dear to the British heart.

The distinction between fingers and thumbs has ever been sacred to us from our nursery days, and it would be painful indeed to have to reprove our little ones, when they are spilling the ink, for instance, by any other sarcasm than the time-honoured one that all "their fingers are thumbs." If the foreigner is to have his way, and our pieces of music are to be fingered without mention of this useful member, there is at once a partial surrender of an important English institution. The thumb as a term of reproach may thus disappear out of our home life, which is sweetened by so many precious trifles.

So far I have simply and concisely treated the subject only on patriotic and sentimental grounds, but, descending to practical matters, I should like to ask your foreigner (only I suppose he does not consider the convenience any more than the feelings of the mere British), what good it will be to upset all the existing arrangements for the proper study of pianoforte pieces which have served us and our forefathers so well, and which all true English people at least are able to understand?

Let us, please, conserve the thumb in our hearts and our musical exercises, and meet our foe with Shakespeare's forcible phrase, "I bite my thumb at you, sir."—Yours faithfully,

A PROVINCIAL AMATEUR.

## "Musical World" Stories.

## THE WEDDING MARCH.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

(Translated by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.)

(Continued from page 459.)

She raised herself up in bed. He could hardly have gone very far before he must also have remembered this: What would he think of her? That she was a being who wandered about unconscious as in sleep, with no will of her own? How long would her attraction for him last? He must surely have learnt to estimate her truly by this time—and she trembled when she tried to imagine what he had thought of her to-day. . . . She sat at the entrance of the hut as she had sat the day before.

Mildrid had been accustomed all her life long to call herself to account. Her youth had been passed under curious influences. In her whole conduct of to-day, she neither found tact nor prudence—hardly honour.

She had no previous personal experience, and she had not culled it from books. She saw with the eyes of a peasant—than whom no one has a stricter code. Propriety demands that all feelings shall be kept within bounds; honour, that all demonstration shall be suppressed.

She, whose conduct had hitherto been so irreproachable as to win everyone's respect had, in one single day, given herself to a man upon whom she had never before laid eyes. Sooner or later he must infallibly despise her. If it could not be told—not even to her friend Inga—what must it not be?

Beret returned while the first bells of the herd sounded, and found her sister sitting listlessly before the hut. She stood there until Mildrid was obliged to lift her head and look at her. Her eyes were swollen with tears; her whole demeanour one of suffering. But as she looked up at Beret her expression quickly changed, for Beret's face was painfully flushed.

"What is the matter with you?" she cried.

"Nothing," answered Beret, who did not move, however, but remained standing there before her with her eyes so unwaveringly fixed on Mildrid, that she was obliged at last to cast hers down.

A short time after Mildrid rose and commenced her work. They did not meet again till supper-time, when they sat exactly opposite each other.

As Mildrid could only eat a spoonful or two, she gazed absently from time to time at the others, especially at Beret, who seemed as if she could not eat enough. The child did not eat, she positively bolted the food, as if she were thoroughly starved.

"Did you have nothing for dinner?" asked Mildred.

"No," answered Beret, and continued eating.

After a pause, Mildred asked again, "Were you not with the shepherds?"

"No," she replied.

And this was confirmed by the shepherd-lads, in whose presence Mildrid did not care to question her farther.

Her own wounded self-estimation made her afterwards feel quite unequal—yes, she almost believed unworthy—to cross-question her sister, so the matter dropped.

It would only have swelled the devouring wave of self-reproach which swept through her soul as she sat in the evening, and through a great part of the night, before the hut.

In the blood-red sundown, through the cold, grey watches of the night, no peace, and not even the possibility of sleep. . . .

The poor child had never before known unrest. Oh, how she prayed! She only ceased, to begin again at once. She sometimes repeated prayers which she had learnt as a child, and sometimes she used her own words, until, at last, utterly worn out, she sought her couch.

There she tried once more to pour out her whole soul in prayer, but her strength was exhausted.

She could only repeat over and over again, "Help me, dear, dear God! O help me!"

And so she continued, half aloud, half to herself. She was torn with inward doubts as to whether she ought not to give Hans up.

All at once she gave a loud scream, for Beret had raised herself with lightning rapidity on her knees and was bending over her.

"Who is he?" whispered Beret. Her great eyes shot fire, and her hot cheeks and hurried breathing denoted powerful inner excitement.

Mildrid, crushed under the yoke of her self-torment, and exhausted in body and soul, was incapable of answering. She was so startled that she was on the point of bursting into tears.

"Who is he?" repeated Beret, threateningly, still closer to her face. "It is no use trying any longer to keep it secret from me. I saw you to-day the whole time."

Mildrid held up her hands before her, almost as if she were defending herself from a blow, but Beret grasped them and held them down.

"Who is he? I ask," she repeated, and looked straight into Mildrid's eyes.

"Beret, Beret," she sobbed, "have I not always been good to you since you were a little child? Why are you so unkind to me when I am unhappy?"

She loosened her hold of Mildrid's arms, for her sister wept bitterly, but Beret's breath scorched, and her breast heaved as if it would burst.

"Is it Hans Haugen?" she whispered.

There was a breathless silence.

"Yes," replied her sister, at last, with a sob.

Then Beret drew her arms down once again, for she wanted to look into her eyes.

"Why did you not tell me, Mildrid?" she asked, with the same burning eagerness.

"Beret, I did not know it myself," answered the other. "I never saw him until the day before yesterday. And as soon as I saw him I gave myself to him. That is what tortures me, and I believe I shall die."

"You never saw him until the day before yesterday?" cried Beret, with the greatest astonishment and mistrust.

"Never in my whole life," murmured Mildrid, firmly. "Can you imagine anything more shameful, Beret?"

But Beret had thrown herself upon her, encircling her with her arms, and kissing her repeatedly.

"Mildred, sweet Mildred, how beautiful that is!" she cried, beaming with joy. "Ah, how beautiful it is!" she repeated, while she kissed her sister, "and how silent I shall be, Mildred!"

She pressed her close, and then suddenly sitting upright, she added, with sudden depression—

"And you—you thought I could not keep a secret? I not be silent when there is anything about *you*, Mildred!" She was crying, "Why have you avoided me for so long? Why did you put Inga in my place? How miserable you have made me—and if you only knew how I love you, Mildred!"

And she laid her face on Mildred's bosom.

But Mildred embraced and kissed her, and assured her that it had been quite unintentional; that she would never push her from her again, but would tell her everything, as she was so good and so dear. And she stroked her hair, while Beret seemed never tired of covering Mildred with caresses.

Then Beret raised herself once more on her knees; she wanted to look into her sister's eyes by the light of the summer night, which was already tinged with faint streaks of morning glow.

"Mildred, how handsome he is!" was the first enthusiastic exclamation. "How did he come here? How did you see him first? What did he say? How did it happen?"

And Mildred now shared the secret, which she had imagined impossible to impart to any human being, with her sister.

She was interrupted from time to time by Beret's throwing herself upon her, and kissing her; but this only induced Mildred to become more confidential; it was like some wonderful, strange song, which had been composed in the forest, and they laughed and wept with one another; they had forgotten all about sleep.

The sun found them in the same position; the one lying, or leaning on her elbow, immersed in her own happiness; the other, kneeling beside her, listening with half-open mouth and gleaming eyes, and now and again throwing herself upon her sister with a cry of exultant joy.

They rose together, and performed their daily tasks, and when these were finished, and they had made a pretence of breakfasting, they dressed in readiness for the meeting of the day. He must surely come soon!

Both arrayed in their Sunday attire, they sat under the rocks, and Beret showed Mildred the spot where she had hidden herself the day before—the dog had many times snuffled around her.

When the one sister was silent the other began to speak. The weather was as beautiful as on the previous day, although here and there a tiny cloud floated by.

They had chatted long past the hour when Hans ought to have appeared; but they continued talking, at one moment forgetting all about the time, to suddenly remember it again at the next. Beret many times clambered up on the rock to see if Hans were in sight, but there was no sign.

They both grew impatient, and Mildred to such a degree that Beret became alarmed. She reminded her that he was not his own master; his guest, the grand German gentleman, had been left alone to fish and hunt, and prepare his own meals, for two whole days—that would not do, of course, on the third day. And, to a certain extent, Mildred found that this explanation held water.

"What do you think father and mother will say to it?" asked Beret, to distract her thoughts.

But the words had scarcely passed her lips when she repented them. Mildred blanched and stared with blank horror at Beret, who stared at her in return. Had Mildred not thought of this before? Certainly; but in a vague, far-off sort of way. Her dread that Hans Haugen should think ill of her, her shame at her own weakness and silliness had so completely monopolized her thoughts that all other considerations had been pushed aside. And now all this was reversed; her parents suddenly reigned supreme and absolute.

Beret endeavoured to console her with the assurance that when they saw him they would at once recognize the validity of the excuse; they would not have the heart to make her unhappy—she, of whom they were so proud. Their grandmother would undoubtedly take her part. No one had a bad word to say against Hans Haugen, who was not one to allow himself to be easily frightened off.

All this passed unheeded by Mildred's ears, for she was thinking of something else, and she told Beret to go and prepare the dinner, that she might carefully weigh the pros and cons in peace by herself. Beret departed slowly and unwillingly enough on her errand, turning round many times to look behind her.

But what Mildred now considered was, Shall I tell it at once to father and mother?

Exhausted and worn out as she was by the extraordinary tension of the last two days, this question soon assumed giant proportions. It seemed almost like the commission of a heinous crime to meet him again. She should not have betrothed herself to him without the consent of her parents; but what else could she have done?

Now that it had happened, she must go home at once and acknowledge all.

She rose—her path lay clear before her. What was right must be done. When Hans once more stood beside her, she must have confessed all to her parents. "Is it not so?" she asked aloud, as if someone were with her to whom she addressed the question, and it seemed to her as if it were answered. She hurried to the meadow to inform Beret of her intention. But Beret was neither in the meadow nor in the hut.

"Beret!" she called; "Beret!—Beret!"

The name was re-echoed on all sides, but there was no trace of Beret to be seen. She looked everywhere for her sister, but in vain. Until now she had only felt languid and feverish; now she was also devoured with anxiety.

Beret's great eyes, and her question, "What do you think father and mother will say when they hear it?" grew every instant more insistent and more threatening.

(To be continued.)

## Opera.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season of the Royal Italian Opera, which came to a close last Saturday, was supplemented on Monday by a performance for the benefit of Signor Lago, of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, in which the chief parts were filled, as before, by Miss Ella Russell, Signor di Falco, M. Maurel, Signori Carbone and Pinto, and Signorina Florenza. The opera was acted throughout with spirit, though not always with perfect smoothness, and sung to the great satisfaction of the crowded audience, who did not appear to resent the faulty intonation in several of the prominent airs allotted to the prima donna. The French baritone gave, as before, an excellent reading of the character and music of his part. It is stated that Signor Lago's season has been so far prosperous that a repetition of the enterprise may be expected next year.

### MISS WALTER'S OPERA.

ON the subject of Miss Walter's opera, "*Florian*," *The Times* has the following remarks:—

The opera *Florian*, by Miss Ida Walter, produced at the Novelty Theatre on Wednesday and on Friday last week, was avowedly a first attempt, and as such it should be judged. It was a first attempt also in the sense that, as far as we are aware, no lady has ever before written, or at least published, an English opera. In the creation of the present work no fewer than four members of the fair sex were more or less indirectly concerned, for the libretto is based upon a tale—"Scheiden thut weh," by the authoress of "*The Atelier du Lys*;" it has been written by Miss D. Latham and "dramatized" by Grace Latham, the music being, as we mentioned before, the work of Miss Ida Walter, a late pupil of the Royal Academy, some of whose songs have become favourably known. The indulgent view towards which the critical mind inclines in such circumstances is undoubtedly needed by *Florian*, which is far from being a masterpiece. Nothing, indeed, would be easier, and nothing could be more unfair, than to reduce this harmless and in many respects creditable work to atoms. The thread of the story is very slight, and, what



there is of it is drawn out through four acts without any regard to dramatic situation or stage effect. The music also shows the inexperienced hand; the instrumentation is often thin and monotonous, and the wind instruments more especially are used in a very tentative manner. Neither is there much structural design in the finales, and the vocal writing, although mostly effective in the solo parts, is sometimes very awkward in the choruses, the soprani being, in one instance at least, taken up to altitudes where pure intonation becomes almost an impossibility. These are faults which a trained musician will discover after looking at the score or listening to the performance for a few minutes. At the same time he will be the first to make allowance for them as the result of inexperience, and to acknowledge the courage and the talent shown by Miss Walter in her arduous undertaking. For with all its faults, *Florian* is by no means without redeeming features. The composer, for example, possesses a distinct gift of melody. Of the numerous detached songs with which the action is interspersed some are graceful and very few are common. This alone is saying a good deal at a time when the manufacturing of songs has become a business, lucrative in equal proportion with the vulgarity of the ware turned out to order and by the dozen. Miss Walter evidently feels what she writes, and has, moreover, a distinct gift of clothing her feeling in appropriate expression. Her part writing is sometimes very good. The unaccompanied trio in the third act, for example, is extremely pretty and, what is more important, strictly correct in its harmonic progressions. Among the most successful pieces we may mention in the first act the song of Florian, "How lovely is the gleeman's life," the melodious flow of which was set forth to great advantage by Mr. Ben Davies, an excellent artist, of whose impersonation of the hero and tenor it would be impossible to speak too highly. In the second act—the best of the four—there is an equally pretty but more developed song, amounting almost to a *scena*, and including an elaborate *cadenza* for the flute in combination with the soprano voice. That Miss Griswold as Crescenz, Florian's betrothed, did more than justice to this song and to the part in general those acquainted with the dramatic power and the refined method of this gifted artist will readily believe. The love duet, sung by Miss Griswold and Mr. Davies in the same act, was one of the chief successes of the evening. Here the music is inspired by the German *volkstied*, "Scheiden thut weh," which pervades as it were the whole opera, from the overture to the *finale* in the manner of a *leit-motiv*. The quartet which closes this act is the only large *ensemble* of which it is possible to speak in favourable terms. The third act commences with a somewhat irrelevant song for the contralto, well sung by Miss Dickerson, and includes another effective air for Crescenz, and some graceful stanzas for the Gleeman's Boy, in which latter Miss Dorothy Dickson, a young artist, endowed with a sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice and a very agreeable stage presence, made a distinct mark. The last act, dealing with the death and what the French would call the *apothéose* of Crescenz, is the least satisfactory of the four. Here real dramatic power and breadth of development would be required to do justice to the situation, and these qualities the young composer does not at present possess. That, in spite of this, her first effort is an extremely creditable one those will be most ready to admit who best know the difficulties of composing for the stage. Whether Miss Walter will ever be able to write a good opera is doubtful; but her success in gentler and less ambitious forms of art may be safely prognosticated.

It has already been indicated that the cast of the opera was a strong one; in addition to the artists previously named, Mr. W. H. Burgon as Martin Beneke, a burgher, and Mr. Max Eugene, whose stentorian tones and hearty manner well befitted a German innkeeper of the 14th century, should be favourably mentioned. The performance by chorus and orchestra was such as would be impossible in any country but England with but two orchestral rehearsals, and could be accounted for even here only by the experience and ability of Mr. Ganz, the conductor, who shared with the composer and the soloists the honour of a final call before the curtain. The plot, if so it can be named, may be summed up in a single sentence. Crescenz, a wealthy burgher's daughter is about to marry Florian, a wandering minstrel, who, for her sake, relinquishes his roving life, when, going to succour some other wandering minstrels in their distress, the maiden is stricken by the plague raging among them, and dies in her lover's arms. The performance was favourably received by the audience, which included many distinguished persons.

The *Morning Post* judges of the work in a more favourable manner. It says:—

The libretto, from "Scheiden thut weh," was by D. Latham, dramatized by Grace Latham, and the music was by Miss Ida Walter, an amateur composer, hitherto known to fame as the authoress of a song which was sung by the late Joseph Maas. The action of the story of the opera is laid in Germany at the close of the 14th century, and deals with the love of Florian, a minstrel, for Crescenz, the daughter of an innkeeper. For a time he abandons a roving life to be with his love, but is induced to return to it. She is smitten with the plague, and dies to the plaintive strain of the air, "Scheiden thut weh," and "parting makes sorrow," for Florian. The melancholy and touching melody of this song gives a colour to the events of the story, and runs like a golden thread throughout the warp and weft of the plot, and imparts a poetical interest to the subject which, though not dramatically strong is always interesting. The chief attraction, therefore, rests in the idyllic character of the treatment, and this has been most cleverly accomplished by the composer of the music. She possesses the gift of melody in large proportions, as is evident in such songs as "Under the linden trees," in which Crescenz tells of her love for Florian, in the first song for Florian, "How lovely is the gleeman's life," in the duets for both the lovers, "Now in festal garb," and "Drive me not from thee," and in other items less sentimental in style as in the songs for Margareth and Kaspar. The chief song "Love is but vain" ("Scheiden thut weh") for tenor, is particularly expressive, and there are many other points in the work which exhibit ability of no common order. The songs for the bass voice, "As honey bees," and especially the drinking song, "Let the feast be crowned," are conceived in the broadest possible spirit. The concerted music, whether for solo voices or chorus, is also very effective, and the scoring of the whole work indicates a knowledge of the best models. The libretto is weak, and it cannot be said that the musical portion of the work is free from faults, and these need not be dwelt upon, as they are, as might be expected, chiefly those of inexperience. Neither would it serve any useful purpose to point out those places in which the influence of a model favoured in the mind of the composer may be traced. The merits the opera possesses are sufficiently entitled to unreserved praise. Furthermore the whole work, produced by an earnest and gifted student of music, may be considered as an indication of the excellence of thought which is being carried on, aided or unaided, in obedience to the awakened love for music throughout the land. In this case the presence of musical powers only needing due recognition to produce good and valuable results is self-evident, and should be encouraged by all those who desire to see the development of native art.

## Concerts.

### CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT.

A larger audience attended the second of Signorina Barbi's concerts, held at the Princes' Hall last Saturday. The range of musical knowledge shown in the selections from Schubert, Schumann, Gordiniani, Bizet, and Brahms, was all the more remarkable because each song was given from memory, a manner of delivery which Signorina Barbi is wise in adopting as she can use it with perfect confidence, and by so doing give the utmost effect to the charm of her style. The Italian songs, and the "Haidenröslein" and "Ungeduld" of Schubert showed the singer's varied talent to the greatest advantage. Some unvoiced points in the more ponderous numbers made apparent a certain effort—a failure of control over the breath,—but the musical expression and poetic intention were in every case grasped and clearly rendered. After hearing Signor Cesi's pianoforte playing in works of different periods and styles, it is not too much to say that he is a master of all, but that the strictly classical is that with which he appears most in sympathy. The four *Études* by Thalberg, Liszt, Henselt and Rubinstein, played in succession and with great speed and energy, were a marvellous display of technical skill; and Mendelssohn's *Scherzo a Capriccio* was very inspiring. The Sonata Op. 105, for violin and piano, by Schumann, was well

played by Signori Papini and Cesi. The pianist showed to no less advantage in the humbler but very delicate duty of accompanying the songs. It is hoped that amateurs may make better use of the next opportunity offered to them of hearing these excellent musicians, who so worthily represent an interesting branch of Italian art.

#### MISS GRISWOLD'S MORNING CONCERT.

Miss Griswold and the artists that assisted her went through an interesting programme on Tuesday at 105, Piccadilly. The songs by Miss M. V. White, "The Enchanted Boat," and the better known "Mary Morrison," accompanied by the composer, were beautifully sung by Miss Griswold, who also contributed a song by Massenet, and Grieg's "Ein Schwan," and joined Miss Lena Little in two duets, Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedict," and Miss Mary Carmichael's "It was a lover and his lass." Of Miss Lena Little's four songs the most appreciated was Henschel's "Sunny Beams," which had to be repeated. Mr. Oudin sang with great expression and finish two songs by Kjerulf, and two MS. songs by Tosti, "Love ties," and "Lady of my Love." Miss Nettie Carpenter, who was announced as the violinist, had been unfortunately called to Paris before the concert. The Madlles, Louise and Jeanne Douste de Fortis, who are clever performers of the French school, besides their soli, played brilliantly together in Moszkowski's duet, "From foreign parts." Mr. Wilhelm Ganz and Miss Mary Carmichael were the conductors.

#### THE MILAN CONSERVATORY.

BY GIULIO A. MANZONI.

WE have much pleasure in placing before our readers the first of a series of letters on musical affairs in Italy, which Signor Giulio A. Manzoni, a lineal descendant of the poet, and one of the leading critics of his country, has promised to send us from time to time. They will give a complete chronicle of the noteworthy musical events in the original home of music, and will form an interesting feature of this journal by their facts as well as by their diction, which we have endeavoured to preserve, as far as the tyrannic rules of English grammar will allow.

MILAN, July 19, 1886.—Suppose five hundred people, even more, caged within a space just large enough to hold, comfortably, a moiety of the number; suppose, above the heads of these people, a red-hot vault, and under their feet, a woollen carpet nicely warm; add to all this the fearful heat of a thoroughly Italian month of July in the open air, and you may then easily picture to yourself, dear reader, what kind of oven our Royal Conservatory of Music was for four consecutive days, when the final scholastic performances took place. The fame of the old *Conservatorio*, however, and the anxiety to hear some very distinguished pupils, kept those hundreds of people in their places, from two to five o'clock in the afternoon, on each trial day.

I have just mentioned the word "fame," and undoubtedly our Conservatory of Music has long since been famous in more than one respect. Great *maestri*—among whom Verdi and Ponchielli—have come from out of it; famous singers and all sorts of piano, violin, and bassoon players have drunk at its fount; it has even been called the "*Classico Conservatorio*." But times have changed, and the opinions of men, too, from what it appears—for something like scepticism (I would not say mockery) has taken the place of the long *bona fide* admiration. I must, however, at once add that such a feeling as this is inspired rather by the results than the causes. The training, to say the truth, is much about the same as in days gone by; nay, better in some instances; and our conservatory does not lack teachers of much experience and sound and deserved fame. But no man on the face of this blessed earth will ever be able to make a genius simply by teaching or instilling his own or anybody else's ideas. Since Verdi, Ponchielli, Gomez, Marchetti, Boito—not to speak of other great masters—have spread all round the world the splendid fruits of their own tree, it seems as if the new crops of Italy had suddenly come to a stop because of an unknown, incomprehensible power unmercifully arresting all budding hopes. We have in the course of every year plenty of young men who sally forth

(I mean not only in Milan, but throughout Italy) for a moment, and then, snail-like, withdraw to their shells. Very few of them remain in view even for a while. With the exception of Puccini, Nicolo Massa, Catalani, and a few others—three or four in number, if even so many—there is no flashing of a thorough musical genius to be seen amidst the numberless trials on operatic stages.

Is this the fault of training masters, then?

Certainly not. Verdi left the Conservatory after having been called by his "professori" a blockhead! Ponchielli for long years tortured himself as a humble bandmaster in old Cremona; and Boito was hissed and considered a madman. In these days of convulsive progress, young composers come from all parts of the peninsula—but how many of them will approach those "*maestri*" whom I have just mentioned? Time will speak its word, no doubt; it is a pity it generally keeps so silent.

So, even the Conservatory of Milan is unable to pour out palatable "*geniuses*;" we have no more poets, and I want to know when we shall have composers again.

The experiments of this year, as those of past years, have brought to light several youths of talent; but, for the present, one must be content to appreciate their study and *technique*. As to original thought and expression, it is what we say, *un altro pajo di maniche*. I may mention, however, the name of a countryman of Carlos Gomez, a Señor de Andrada Machado Antonio, who was one of the two *maestrini* out of the pupils for harmony, Emilio Cagnola being the other. As to playing on every kind of musical instrument, much good is to be said, and the Conservatory keeps up its fame. The training in this department brings out splendid results, especially in the pianoforte playing, and Andreotti's is a world-famed school. For this instrument two pretty and talented girls got the *diploma* with silver medal: the Signorine Marta Casinelli and Carolina Grella, both on the high road to celebrity. Signor Aletti will make a very fine organ player. As to the other instruments, all the prize pupils have made a very good figure, and their respective teachers may feel much pride in them. I should also speak of the singing school in our Conservatory. Well, the results are not exceedingly good—that is all I have to say—notwithstanding the excellent teaching. Do we lack voices as well as composers? All I know at this moment is that the sun makes all of us a set of roasted human beings, and writing becomes a heavy and painful affair altogether. So I bid you good-bye for the present.

#### AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following account of a concert of American music recently given at Boston:—

"The general business meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association was held in Tremont Temple on July 2. There were presented several reports by committees as follows: On Terminology, recommending the obliteration of all terms now in use that are obscure, and the substitution of terms that are clear and terse; on public schools, foretelling the publication by the national bureau at Washington of articles collected on music; American compositions, that the plan of examinations had been revised with a view to the judgment of compositions, solely on the ground of merit; on resolutions, thanks to various officials, and an appropriation of 600 dollars for use of secretary and treasurer; on musical pitch, recommending the French standard for general adoption in this country, and ordering that, as far as possible it be the standard for all future concerts by the association. The vice-presidents made reports covering musical matters in their several States. The treasurer's report showed a balance at the beginning of the year of 449.27 dollars, and an estimated balance to carry forward of 1,200 dollars. Indianapolis was selected as the place of meeting for the eleventh annual session. The president read a dispatch from Austin, Texas, to the effect that a State musical association had been formed there. The result of the election of officers for the coming year was as follows: President, Calixa Lavallée, Boston; secretary and treasurer, Theodore Presser, Philadelphia; executive committee, Max Lechner, Indianapolis, G. M. Cole, Richmond, Ind., J. Wolfram, Canton, O.; programme committee, S. N. Penfield, New York, Clarence Eddy, Chicago, J. C. Fillmore, Milwaukee;



examination committee, Dudley Buck, Brooklyn, N.Y., E. M. Bowman, St. Louis, Arthur Mees, Cincinnati; alternate in examining committee, George E. Whiting, Boston; one vice-president from each State in the Union.

In the evening came the closing concert of the session. The programme for the occasion was as follows:—

Overture, "Edipus" ... J. K. Paine.  
Piano Concerto, C minor, MS., Op. 12 ... Louis Maas.  
Fragment from Ballad, Op. 9...H. W. Parker, Garden City, N.Y.  
Idyl, "In the Forest," Fairy Dance, MS....W. M. Rohde.  
"Thusnelda," MS. ... A. M. Foerster.  
Suite Creole, MS. ... John A. Brockhoven, Cincinnati.  
Andantino and Scherzo, from Suite, for Strings.  
Arthur Bird, Cambridge, now in Berlin.  
Fragments from Music for "Macbeth." Introduction  
to Act II.; Gaelic March; Defeat of Macbeth.  
Edgar S. Kelley, San Francisco.  
Concert Overture, Op. 3, MS.... Arthur Whiting.

The soprano solo in Mr. Parker's ballad was sung by Miss Louise Gage, and that for baritone by Mr. Gardner Lamson. Nine conductors officiated, namely, Mr. G. W. Chadwick, for Mr. Paine's overture; Mr. C. Lavallée, for Mr. Maas's concerto; Mr. Bernhard Listemann, for Mr. Bird's suite; the composers, severally for each of the other works presented. An orchestra, about the size of that engaged for the symphony concerts, with Mr. Listemann at its head, was employed in each number, and a chorus of a hundred or more voices assisted in Mr. Parker's ballad. That excellent material made up the orchestra may be inferred on learning that, despite the change of conductor for each succeeding work, and the unavoidably scant opportunity for rehearsals, instances of inaccuracy were very rare. An adequate view of the concert is out of the question, and only generalities are practicable. The overtures by Mr. Paine and Mr. Whiting and the concerto by Mr. Maas (the piano-forte part in which was played by the author with masterly grace and refinement) were the only familiar works presented. Mr. Parker's ballad—the significance of which was not entirely revealed to the hearer, no words being printed on the bill—left the impression of an active, nervous force, kept well in hand, as shown by the fine scoring, which was notable for its clear outline and varied colour: a work, in short, of remarkable strength for so young a composer. Mr. Rohde's brace of small pieces quickly captured the ear, the first with its piquancy and bright scoring—a veritable scherzo of which Mendelssohn himself might have been proud. Mr. Foerster's little work is an apparent attempt to imitate Wagner's manner in its adoption of a simple but broad theme which appears in many keys and in assorted hues; some fine bits of rich scoring occur in the composition. Mr. Brockhoven's suite seems to be based on familiar tunes, some of which, having strongly marked rhythms, are probably dances. The scoring shows a lively fancy, and altogether the work gave a deeper impression of originality than was derived from anything else on the programme. There are three parts in the suite, "Calinda," an air with variations and a humorous finale. The air in the second part is simple and plaintive, in a minor key, and the working out is remarkably ingenious, at one moment vividly suggesting a jig, but without change of form or rhythm. This work, it may be said in passing, is really "American music." The first selection from Mr. Bird's suite has a pleasant flowing quality, with a well-formed theme, while the scherzo, if not frisky in its playfulness, is, at least, blithesome and good-humoured. All the strings were concerned in the performance. It is quite likely that more lightness or effect would have been produced by one instrument for each part. The first of the movements from Mr. Kelley's *Macbeth* music is gloom itself. Weber, Schumann, and Wagner in collaboration could not have produced with an orchestra deeper shadows or more intense mournfulness. Hence, since the prelude is to that portion of the tragedy in which the gentle Duncan is murdered, success may be claimed as the result of the effort. As is the fashion among rising writers in the romantic school, there is much of vagueness. The march is clearly shaped, and has a stirring rhythm. A fanfare by trumpets in different keys begins the last selection. Happily, the dissonance is soon scattered, and then follows a march of a rough character, and as it dies away bits of Scotch tunes played on oboes are heard. A long movement that suggests the onward sweep of cavalry succeeds. Intermixed are

strange sounds—the blare of trumpets, the clash of cymbals and gongs, but always that steady tramp (one thinks of Berlioz's *Ride to Hell*), and now and then fragments of the rough march. More fanfares of mixed trumpets, and this march asserts itself with pomp and circumstance, and it then appears to be the march of good Siward and his ten thousand men from gracious England. With what success it has been attended cannot be determined on a single hearing. But it must be said that so far as ability to command attention goes, the composer shows exceptional power.

The audience was warmly sympathetic throughout the evening, and recalled each gentleman whose work was presented with great enthusiasm. It was an occasion to be remembered with thankfulness for its evidence of present having by American musicians and its encouragement to rich hope.

## Music Publishers' Weekly List.

### SONGS.

First rose of the year	...	W. Lennox	...	Lucas.
Merry Miller. No. 2 in C	...	Watson	...	"
Once at the Angelus	...	Somervell	...	"
Our little darling	...	B. Tours	...	"
Syren, The	...	F. Berger	...	"
What the birds say	...	H. Lohr	...	"

### PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Carnaval. Op. 9	...	Schumann	...	Lucas.
Episodes. Nos. 1 and 6	...	F. Westlake	...	"
Litany (Schubert)	...	F. Liszt	...	"
Pensees Fugitives. Nos. 1, 2, and 3	...	J. B. Poznanski	...	Ambrose.
Sketches, Three. Nos. 1, 2, and 3	...	R. Briant	...	Lucas.

### DANCE MUSIC.

Fond and True Valse	...	G. Villa	...	Ambrose.
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### CONCERTED MUSIC.

Romance. Violin and Piano	...	H. R. Starr	...	Lucas.
Waltz.	...	"	...	"

## Next Week's Music.

### TO-DAY (SATURDAY).

P.M.

Tonic Sol-fa Fête	.....	Crystal Palace...	3
"The Two Poets" (Operatic Performance)	...	Royal Academy of Music...	8

### EVERY EVENING.

"Fivoli"	.....	Drury Lane Theatre...	8
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## Prospective Arrangements at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

### ST. PAUL'S.

SATURDAY, July 24.—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Hopkins), in F; Anthem, "Hear us, gracious Lord" (Mendelssohn), No. 326. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Faning), in C; Anthem, "From Thy love as a Father" (Gounod).

SUNDAY, July 25 (*Fifth Sunday after Trinity*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Smart), in F; *Athanasian Creed*; Introit, "How beautiful upon the mountains" (Stainer), No. 689; Holy Communion (Hummel), in D. Evening: (1), Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Walmisley), in D; Anthem, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," "Happy and blest are they" (Mendelssohn), No. 355. (2), Magnificat, &c. to Chants. Hymns as on printed paper.

MONDAY, July 26.—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Garrett), in D; Anthem, "All people that on earth" (Tallis), No. 6. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Martin), in C; Anthem, "The righteous shall flourish" (Calkin), Psalm xcii. 11-14.

TUESDAY, July 27.—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Bridge), in G; Anthem, "O taste and see, how gracious the Lord is" (Sullivan), No. 714. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Wesley), in E; Anthem, "I praise Thee, O Lord my God" (Mendelssohn), No. 330.

WEDNESDAY, July 28.—Morning: Te Deum and Jubilate (Walmisley), in F. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (West), in A; Anthem, "Cry aloud and shout" (Croft), No. 101.

THURSDAY, July 29 (*Men's voices only, at Evensong*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Lloyd), in E flat; Anthem, "The Lord is my

Shepherd" (Smart), No. 520. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Stainer), in D; Anthem, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem" (Cobb), No. 72.

FRIDAY, July 30 (*without Organ*).—Morning: Te Deum and Jubilate (King), in F. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Elvey), in A; Anthem, "From the deep" (Spohr), Psalm cxxx.

SATURDAY, July 31.—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Tours), in F; Anthem, "O God, wherefore art Thou absent" (Ouseley), No. 539. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Gladstone), in F; Anthem, "Boundless visions, glories bright," "Give thanks unto God" (Spohr), No. 917.

Notes for the following week: SUNDAY (*Sixth Sunday after Trinity*), August 1.—Morning: Te Deum, &c. (Garrett), in E flat; Holy Communion (Garrett), in E flat. Evening: Magnificat, &c. (Gadsby), in C; Anthem, "Praise the Lord" (Wesley).

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, July 24—10 a.m.: Service, Travers; Anthem, "Haste Thee, O God," No. 765 (Ps. lxx. 1), Batten. 3 p.m.: Service, Travers; Anthem, "Wherewithal," No. 234 (Ps. cxix., pt. 2), Boyce.

SUNDAY, July 25 (*Fifth Sunday after Trinity and St. James*).—10 a.m.: Service (Walmisley), in D major; Contn. (Bridge), in G; Hymn after 3rd Collect. 3 p.m.: Service (Smart), in F; Anthem, "Holy, holy, holy," No. 234 (Rev. iv. 8), Handel; Hymn after 3rd Collect. 7 p.m.: Service in the Nave.

## Notes and News.

### LONDON.

Mr. Frank Chappell, the head of the firm of Metzler & Co., died of diabetes on Saturday, at the early age of forty-four, and was buried at the West Hampstead Cemetery, on Wednesday.

Our Colonial guests visited the Normal College for the Blind on Tuesday, when an interesting musical entertainment was given for their benefit. A more detailed report must be held over till next week.

The Indian and Colonial Exhibition was on Friday night, last week, given up to the Society of Arts, who held a reception and very pleasant conversation in the buildings and grounds. Music was provided by the bands of the Grenadier Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the West India Regiment, and the glee choir of men and boys from the Criterion, who sang a selection of glees, madrigals, and part-songs in the Indian Palace and "Old London." In the conservatory attached to the Albert Hall the royal hand-bell ringers and glee singers gave a pleasant entertainment at intervals throughout the evening. The company were received by Sir Frederick Abel, Sir G. Bidgood, Sir F. Bramwell, Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, and other members of the Council, including Mr. Trueman Wood, the secretary, and it was some time past twelve before the last of the guests had left, after having spent a delightful summer's evening.

Mr. Sam Franko, a violinist of some American reputation, gave a concert at Steinway Hall on Friday last week, supported by Madame Alma Haas, pianist, Miss Carlotta Elliot and Mr. George Henschel, vocalists, Mr. Theodore Frantzen accompanying. The audience was small, but enthusiastic, recalling each artist after performance, and warmly applauding Mr. Franko, who gave "Variations Sérieuses" (Corelli), "Ballade" (Moszkowski), and with Madame Haas, Goldmark's "Suite, Op. 11." He is a good average player, although not possessing any extraordinary powers.

The first of a series of illustrated lectures on The Famous Immortals was given by Miss Liddell and Miss Alice Lakey, at the Princes' Hall, the subject being Rossini, the former supplying the anecdotes, and the latter singing familiar pieces with an agreeable contralto voice. Rossini and other famous immortals are too well known to allow of many new facts or many new songs being introduced in connection with them. We advise the fair lecturers to give their attention in future to non-famous, or by way of change, to infamous immortals.

Mr. T. Carlaw Martin and Mr. Mortimer Wheeler request us to state that they have ceased to edit the *Magazine of Music*.

The competition for the Lucas Medal at the Royal Academy of Music was decided on Saturday. The examiners were Messrs. Gladstone, A. C. Mackenzie, and E. H. Thorne (chairman). There were thirteen candidates, and the medal was awarded to A. E. Godfrey.

At an examination of pianoforte tuners, held at 44, Devonshire Place, W., on July 4, the following candidates passed, and have obtained the Regent Hall Certificate (R.H.C.) of qualification to practise, the names being given in order of merit: William Thomas Cope, of Limerick, Ireland, and John Hill, Irby, Lincolnshire. The next examination will be held in September, on a date to be duly announced by advertisements; and already several candidates have expressed their intention to enter.

### PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—Mr. David A. Harley, of Glasgow, has resigned office as Master of the Song, to which he was appointed five years ago. He is also organist of Dunfermline Abbey, which post becomes vacant. It is understood that he is going to Germany to perfect himself as a musician.

LEEDS.—By the death of Mr. John Pew Bowling, of Fallowfield Terrace, Leeds, Yorkshire has lost a musician of more than ordinary culture and ability. Belonging to a well-known musical family, Mr. Bowling succeeded to an extensive tutorial connection on the death of his father four or five years ago, and until recently he occupied the position of organist at All Souls' (Hook Memorial) Church. Another post which he filled with credit was that of conductor of the Leeds Amateur Orchestral Society, and no less valuable was his conductorship of the Huddersfield Orpheus Choral Society. It was in his capacity of Principal of the Yorkshire College of Music, however, that Mr. Bowling's most useful work in recent years was accomplished. During the four years of his office the energy and discrimination with which his duties were discharged contributed largely to the success of that institution. Though his tutorial practice was so extensive, Mr. Bowling yet found leisure to make frequent appearances on concert platforms, where his reputation as a pianist and accompanist had long been established. The deceased gentleman was thirty-five years of age, and unmarried.

LIVERPOOL.—Except so far as the exhibition is concerned, musical matters are in a perfectly stagnant condition, and, for the moment, even projections for the forthcoming season—which promises unusual interest—are resigned in favour of holiday-making. The amateur management at the exhibition, which led to the musical arrangements being left over in favour of other far less interesting portions of the scheme, has resulted in a delay of two months in the opening of the grand organ in the Concert Hall. However, just as all hopes of hearing the instrument were well nigh given up, the authorities managed to arrange for a first performance on Friday, the 16th inst., Dr. Pearce, of Glasgow, being the executant, although it is difficult to see why it should have been necessary to go so far afield for a performer. The opening programme included an overture and march from *Hercules*; Air with variations in G major, Haydn; March in C major, Mozart; Prelude and Fugue in D major, Bach; Pastoral and Offertory in D major, Morandi; Polonaise in C major, Hummel; Marche Militaire, Gounod; and Overture, "L'Etoile du Nord" Meyerbeer; by no means too ambitious a scheme. The powers of the organ proved fairly satisfactory, and during the current week Mr. H. A. Branscombe, organist of the Philharmonic Society, is attracting large audiences by his recitals. The other musical items are provided by the band of the Royal Marines (Chatham Division). For August 30 a huge brass band competition has been arranged, and other important ideas are germinating.

### FOREIGN.

At Frankfurt, the representation of a Passion Play is in contemplation, the text by the poet F. Heitemeyer, the music by E. F. Bischoff.

Amongst Lortzing's MSS. has been discovered part of an opera, *Regina, or The Strike of Working Men*. This subject is of peculiar interest at the present time, and the opera, it is reported, may be completed by Wilhelm Bruch, and performed.

The new theatre at Halle has secured the right of representing the *Rheingold* and the *Walküre*.

The next performances at Munich of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* are fixed for August 23, 25, 27 and 29, and September 13, 15, 17 and 19.

LEIPSIK.—The Riedel Association after having sung at its first concert, Grell's Mass, and at its second Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, gave a miscellaneous programme in the church of St. Peter on July 3. The following sacred music was performed: Palestrina's *Ecce quomodo*, Vittoria's *Lament of Mary*, Eccard's *Mein Schönste Zier* and Franck's *In den Armen dein*. These were followed by the *Gloria* and *Credo* from Anton Bruckner's *C major Mass*. This work would have been heard to greater advantage with its original accompaniment of wind instruments. The contralto singer, Frau Wegener from Berlin, sang an air from Handel's *Susanna*, Hiller's *Prayer*, and Beethoven's *Penitence*. Herr Homeyer's organ soli were Frescobaldi's *Passacaglia*, Liszt's *Sposalizio*, and a Fantasia, by Huber, on a biblical subject. The work of the Association under Riedel has given great satisfaction to the public.

The castle of Herrn Chiemsee, described in another column, will most likely be converted into a show-place to raise funds to pay off the debts of the late King of Bavaria; Lindenhof and Neu Schwanstein will be sold if a purchaser can be found.

PARIS, July 18.—Madame Krauss has agreed to sing in forty representations of MM. Sardou and Paladilhe's *Patrie*, at the Opéra. The honorarium is fixed at 1500 francs for each performance. It had been lately suggested in the Parisian papers that the prima donna's part in this opera should be offered to the new singer, who is at the same



time an actress of some experience—Madlle. d'Alvar. MM. Ritt and Gaillard have gained their case against the tenor, Caylus, who, after appearing in *Aida*, left the rest of his engagements unfulfilled. He is fined 30,000 francs.—*The Princess Columbine*, a new comic opera, by MM. Maurice Ordonneau, Emile André, and Robert Planquette, is to open the season at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Paris.—Madame Marie Roze has been singing at Havre.—M. Emmanuel Chabrier has submitted part of his new score, *Le Roi malgré lui*, to M. Carvalho.—*La Juive* was given gratuitously at the Opéra, and *La Dame Blanche* at the Opéra Comique, on July 14, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille.

COPENHAGEN, July 7.—The "Swedish opera" has left Copenhagen. They closed their performances with Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, and I need not tell you that both Madlle. Ek and M. Odman, who took the principal parts, were covered with flowers and called back to the stage no end of times. The *ensemble* was better than ever. Besides twelve opera performances, the Swedish artists have given three promenade concerts at the Tivoli, the last one, July 5. The house was overcrowded at all three concerts, and the enthusiasm very great, in my opinion much too great. All of these artists (except Madlle. Carlsohn, who has a sweet, pure, and well-trained voice, sounding well also in a concert-room) are far less successful as concert than as opera singers. However, the Danish public is, in the case of strangers, blind to even very disagreeable faults of intonation, &c. One thing is to feel at home on the stage in an operatic part, where the whole situation, character, costume, &c., help the artist in effecting a fine total result; another thing is to stand on the concert platform without the aid of these accessories. The Swedish artists have begun a *tournee* "in the provinces" of Denmark.—Last night, Madlle. Nanny Fürst, violin player, assisted at Herr Baldwin Dahl's concert in the Tivoli. She is a young lady of great talent. She played a Romance of Beethoven, with accompaniment of the orchestra, and later on De Beriot's Fantasia, when she fairly carried away the public and was recalled several times. As encore she gave the well-known *pizzicato* of Ries. We expect great things of this young artist in future.

The Society of Musicians of the Netherlands have given their musical festival at Bois-le-Duc. The oratorio *Bonifacius* by M. Nicolai, occupied the first day's programme. Composer and principal artists, besides the members of chorus and orchestra, worked together with great enthusiasm to give due effect to an event of national importance. On the following day other excellent compositions were heard by Averkamp (of Amsterdam), Heinz, and Hol. The chief success was gained by Peter Benoit, whose scene from the oratorio *De Oorlog* (War), written for baritone solo and chorus, was re-demanded.

The band of the Guides, under the direction of M. Staps, has given at Antwerp extracts from the programmes which they will perform at the Liverpool Exhibition. Their arrangement and execution of the funeral March from the *Dusk of the Gods* is most effective.

It would appear that members owe their appointment on the committee of the Geneva Conservatoire to the possession of any qualification rather than that which first suggests itself to the uninitiated; so that, at the close of the term, during which 725 pupils had attended the classes, one single musician was on a committee of fifteen members.

A learned Belgian composer has worked out a romantic suite of six movements on the basis of three notes, ré, si, la.

A new discovery has been made in Sweden, by M. Maurice Strakosch, of a dramatic soprano, Sigrid Arnoldson by name, who is said to have been heard by, and elicited superlatives from no less a judge than Liszt.

As a result of his labours in St. Petersburg and Moscow, Rubinstein has been able to put by 62,000 francs for the establishment of two scholarships of 5,000 francs each for musical composition and pianoforte-playing. The first competition will be held at St. Petersburg in 1890, to be repeated every year in one or another of the European Capitals. It is open to all sorts and conditions of men—but men only; beyond this distinction of sex there are no vexatious limitations made on grounds of nationality, religion, or school of music.

The statue of Bellini, by Balzico, is to be inaugurated in the course of this month at Naples. The sides of the pedestal will be adorned by figures of Amina, Norma, Giulietta, and Elvira.

COLOGNE.—The following are the arrangements for next season's concerts. The Gürzenich-Concerts, of which there will be eleven in a fortnightly series, begin on October 26. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Haydn's *Seasons*, Bach's *Passion Music*, the symphonies by Beethoven in D, E flat, and B flat, the B flat symphony by Gade, the E flat major, Schumann, and some novelties to be announced later on are in preparation. Amongst the soloists are the names of Sembrich or Albani, Dr. and Frau Joachim, Madame Norman-Neruda and Herr Heckmann.

The Mayence orchestra is about to lose its talented conductor, Fritz Steinbach, who, after seven years' excellent work in that town, is called to the post of director of the Court band at Meiningen, made famous by its concerts in various cities on the Continent,

under Bülow. He has given a farewell concert which included some interesting compositions of his own—a pianoforte septet, a suite for 'cello and piano, and six songs.

Among the lovers of music who will be attracted to Bayreuth by the performances of two of Wagner's masterpieces, there must be many who at the same time take an interest in the genuine old-world music, of which Palestrina is the most renowned master—he whom Wagner honoured so greatly. To those then, whom it may concern a visit to the neighbouring Ratisbon is recommended, where the culture of true church-music is pursued. It is true that the autumn season is not the most favourable time to hear the great works of Orlando di Lasso, Vittoria, Palestrina, and Marcello; for there are sure to be many absentees from the choir in the holiday months, but nevertheless up to the first week in August, and again after the beginning of October, visitors have the chance of hearing excellent readings of the great masters during the nine o'clock Sunday service in the cathedral. Ratisbon owes its supremacy in this department of art to the active presence of a learned priest named Haberl, editor of the collection of Palestrina's works, published by Breitkopf and Härtel. To forward this cause, M. Haberl makes researches in the archives in Rome, and while in Ratisbon he superintends his school of sacred music.

Señor Fernandez Caballero has written the music to a new zarzuela, "Locos de Amor," which has been received with great favour at the Maravillas Theatre, Madrid. Señorita Iglésias and Señor Vega represented the chief characters.

At Saint Sebastian there are preparations for the great international competition of Spanish and French military and orpheonist music, over which Gounod is to preside.

The orchestra of the Brussels Waux Hall concerts has lately performed a new symphonic work by M. Ferdinand Lavainne, entitled, *Les fêtes de Saturne*.

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PRIZE SONG.

"LIFE OF LIFE."

WORDS BY SHELLEY.

Music by

PERCY GODFREY.

PIANO.

*Andante con moto.*

*p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

Life of Life! thy lips en - kin - dle With their love the breath between them;

*cres.* *ff.*

And thy smiles be - fore they dwindle Make the cold air fire;..... then screen them..... In those

*dim.* *p*

looks, where who - so gaz - es,..... Faints,..... en - tan - gled in their ma -

THE OTHER PRIZE SONG, by Mr. HENRY LAHEE—entitled "My True Love hath my Heart"—was issued with "The Musical World" of the 3rd inst.

zes.....

Child of Light! thy limbs are burn - ing Thro' the vest..... which seems to

*p*

hide them; As the ra - dant lines of morn - ing..... Thro' the clouds, ere they di -

*cres.*

vide them; And this at - - mos - phere di - vi - nest Shrouds... thee where-so-e'er thou shin

*f* *rit.*

est..... Fair..... are oth - ers, none..... be-holds thee, But thy voice... sounds low and

*p* *pp* *poco rit.*



ten - der,..... *pp* Like... the fair - est, for..... it folds... thee

From the sight,..... that li - quid splen - dour,..... *ad lib. quasi recit.* And all feel, yet see... thee

nev - er, *rit.* As I feel now, Lost..... for ev - er!

*f tempo 1mo.* Lamp..... of earth,..... where

e'er... thou mov - est, *cres.* Its dim shapes are clad... with bright-ness, And the souls... of

*stringendo molto.*

whom thou lov - est Walk... up-on the winds with light - ness, Till... they fail... as

*ff appassionata.*

I... am fail - ing, Till... they fail as I... am fail - ing, Diz - zy,

*ff*

*ad lib. rit.* *dim.*

lost!... yet un - be - wail - ing! yet un - be - wail - ing!...

*f* *p*

yet un - be - wail - ing!... Lost,.... yet un - be -

*pp*

wail ing!...

*rit.* *pp* *pp*

The musical score is written for a vocal part and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into seven systems. The first system begins with the instruction 'stringendo molto.' and the lyrics 'whom thou lov - est Walk... up-on the winds with light - ness, Till... they fail... as'. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics 'I... am fail - ing, Till... they fail as I... am fail - ing, Diz - zy,'. The third system features a forte (ff) dynamic marking and continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system includes the instructions 'ad lib. rit.' and 'dim.' and the lyrics 'lost!... yet un - be - wail - ing! yet un - be - wail - ing!...'. The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics 'yet un - be - wail - ing!... Lost,.... yet un - be -'. The sixth system features a piano (pp) dynamic marking and continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The seventh system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'wail ing!...' and includes the instructions 'rit.' and 'pp'.